

Barbara Behr's **Bondage Photographer**

AN HOM PUBLICATION

ADULTS ONLY

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3

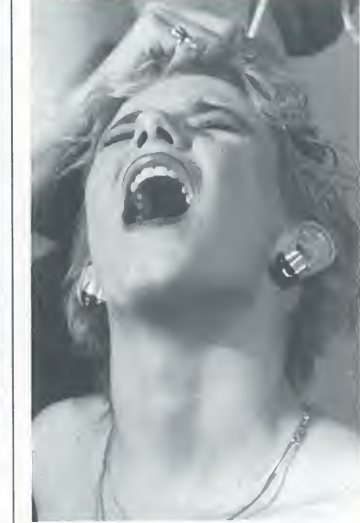
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& Mariette Stanton**

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ADLER: BONDAGE PHOTOGRAPHER

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3



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FREELANCE BONDAGE
PHOTOGRAPHER

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BONDAGE BY ADLER

A HISTORY OF L.A.'S BEST-KNOWN FREELANCE BONDAGE PHOTOGRAPHER

HOM: How long have you been active in the bondage field?

ADLER: Well, I've been personally involved since I was quite young. I used to cut ads out of the papers as a kid and draw in the bondage. I loved the movie ads of girls in distress, and I did quite a bit of drawing at first. In fact, the drawing came years before the photography.

HOM: So, when did you finally start out commercially?

ADLER: Around the fall of 1977, with photo sets. I took ads in some L.A. underground papers, and I sort of grew from there. My interest had a couple of phases before that, though. I was born in New York City and later moved to Massachusetts where I used to go down to Scollay Square to the old bookstores and gather up as many of the Irving Klaw and Nutrix books as I could lay my hands on—or had the money for. Scollay Square is now gone, I think, probably covered with glass office buildings or something of the sort.

HOM: So that got you started in bondage?

ADLER: Well, for years I read the books and looked at the pictures. I went to art and design school, and did well. Then one day I suddenly had an amazing revelation—now don't laugh at its simplicity—I figured out that if other people could take bondage photographs, then I could too. And so I just did it and never looked back.

HOM: How did you make the transition from there to California?

ADLER: That occurred in 1969, and it wasn't until 1977 that I went out into the commercial field in any great way. During those years I spent a great deal of time gathering material and perfecting things. I had private clients who wanted posed-to-order stuff, and that helped defray some of the cost of the photographs. I've always used the best models and have consistently tried to put the correct facial expressions into the pictures and have all the appropriate body language going on. That is extremely important to me. Without that, what I photograph is nothing as far as I'm concerned.



From a long three-girl set with a mistress, a kidnapped girl, and a maid—the girl finally escapes



K. C. Valentine



Hillary Summers

Some examples of Adler's ability to capture just the right body language and facial expressions on film



From a videotape by Adler



HOM: So how did the actual transition take place in 1977?

ADLER: I just reached a point where it was necessary to have someone else carry the financial load, and also the pressure to get the photographs out to the public was building. Everyone who saw them wanted someone else to see them, and it just got too big for me to handle without becoming a commercial venture, so off I went.

I can't remember all of the circumstances, but it was like an epiphany, sort of "Hey, I can do this, too!" I went to put an ad into the biggest underground L.A. newspaper at the time. All my models had come through agencies up to that point, so while I was standing at the ad counter in the paper's office, the girl checking the ad began to ask me questions like was I really serious about taking bondage pictures and so forth.

HOM: You're not going to tell us that she became a model?

ADLER: Well, okay, I won't . . . but she did. I still chuckle over that one. It made me realize that everybody is interested in bondage. It's as old as man himself. Once people understand that there is care and communication, then the fun can begin. My models call me wanting to work again and again. They think of it as fun and sometimes a challenge . . . although, as you know, I'm not one for the strenuous stuff. No suspension or things like that, just the facial expression and body angles all telling the story. Look, if a girl can come out from behind the counter of a newspaper at the drop of an ad, then there must be all sorts of opportunities for me out there, and I've certainly found them over the years. You have no idea how many people are interested in bondage. Well, I mean, it surprised me greatly.

HOM: Since it's our business, we'll agree with you, but we know what you mean. It's always something of a revelation, even to us. So what happened next?

ADLER: Well, along with the ad for bondage photos in the papers in L.A., I began to shoot pictures for some of the publications around town, and things began to get quite busy. I produced four magazines on a quarterly basis with a publisher from 1978 to 1982, plus the growing mail order business. Things got quite busy, like I said.

HOM: You came to us, too.

ADLER: Yep. Not at first, because frankly I wasn't too sure if my work would be acceptable. I've always considered you people to be at the top, so I hung back for awhile.



From "Black & White Together," a 90 picture set



Jennifer West, from a 60 picture set

HOM: But not too long. We've been featuring your work for some years.

ADLER: Well, I didn't wait too long. I wanted to see if I could get acceptance of my work as soon as possible, and so while I was a bit uncertain, I wasn't shy about submitting the work to you.

HOM: How would you describe your style?

ADLER: Well, I like to use two girls—sometimes three—because there's more continuity and story line when you're working with two people. Much more can be accomplished, and it's easier to be inventive and sexy. By the way, things have to be sexy for me, too. I don't like things gross. Suggestion is far more powerful than a bald photo. I also am peeved when I see photographs that are technically bad. I can't stand it, in fact. I guess it's a legacy from photographic school, which was part and parcel of my design and art training.

HOM: Well, we've considered your style to sexy and soft. Is that a fair description?

ADLER: That's close. It does have to be sexy for me, and I suppose you could say soft, too. I like hose and heels and things you'd normally expect a girl to be wearing . . . someone carefully made up and pretty, not dressed like a Sunset Boulevard streetwalker. You know what I mean?

HOM: Yes. The girl next door.

ADLER: Yep, that's more like what I'm talking about. I think that's sexy, and exciting too, and part of being sexy is not being suspended upside down and all of the other more acrobatic tricks you see. I like pretty girls, and I think most people want to see pretty girls, whether they're in bondage or not. So I always insist that the photographs be exactly that—pretty.

HOM: What's going on currently?

ADLER: Well, the mail order business is running along as the mainstay, and lately I've begun to produce videos. In fact, I've brought along some stills from one. The whole idea of video intrigues me, and I think I'd like to get into the field in earnest in the near future.

HOM: We'll be looking forward to that, but in the meantime, we should let people know they can contact you by writing to Post Office Box 29174, Los Angeles, California 90029, stating they are over twenty-one years of age and would like to receive information concerning your photographs.

ADLER: If they do, I'll send out the brochures on hand and some sample photos to show people what I produce. They should include three dollars for postage and handling and to cover the cost of the brochures and photos. Thanks for having me come in today, HOM.

HOM: And thanks for coming in with so many photos. We'll be sure and display your work in the HOM tradition. ■



For an advertisement in *Fetish Times*

Adler's first session, with a girl who worked at an L.A. underground newspaper



SUPER ^{BONDAGE} MOVIES

TICKLED TORMENT
The gentle feather mercilessly applied to the sensitive skin of a beautiful bound model.

LARRY'S SECOND LESSON
A second dose of "behavior modification" at the hand of two delicious dominants.

TURNABOUT
Tom visits his girl with new bondage gear and winds up being bound and whipped himself.

SCHOOL FOR DOMINANTS
Tina goes to a domination academy to learn the ropes... and whips and clamps and ball stretchers.

LARRY'S LESSON
Larry's wife takes him to a dominant to be trained as a slave to stop his errant ways.

THE SECRET
Carla shows her novice roommate the ropes literally with tight bondage and whipping.

NIGHTMARE
Jana falls asleep & has a vivid dream in which she's bound & punished by a leather bitch.

BOUND, GAGGED AND PUNISHED
Mary waits for her bondage date only to find that someone else has taken the place of her boyfriend!

FINAL SETTLEMENT
Lily's plan to steal her jewels backfires into red hot bondage fun and games.

NINA NEVER KNEW
Nina gets the thrill of her life when her self-bondage experiment turns into the real thing with a stranger in control!

HARD HAT TROUBLE
New technique in labor relations! Boss lady is suspended, stripped & whipped into submission.

SOFT SKIN & TIGHT TIES
The legendary Joanne Link in all her naked loveliness—bound & gagged in 6 different B&D situations.

SUBMISSION
Carolyn couldn't wait to show off her submissive charms including nipple rings.

SM SISTERS
Real SM in the San Francisco Chateau in sensuous domination. The tables turn with breast bondage and whipping.

THE SWITCH
The leotard clad Mistress makes a fatal mistake and finds herself tied in a very vulnerable position by her own slave.

RUDE AROUSAL
Darlene is taught a lesson by the other girls and is brought to a screaming climax in bondage.

CODE OF HONOR
It doesn't pay to violate the family code as this unfaithful bride quickly discovers.

SORORITY PLEDGE
Annie's sorority initiation includes being given to a stranger for a bondage session she can't control.

SLAVE TRAINING
Mistress Tanya of San Francisco works over Jillanna until she can take the rack & riding crop limitlessly.

THE BONDAGE MASTER
San Francisco's Mark Chester works his Oriental style bondage on Amy Simon. Real SM people at work.

ELLEN
Shot on location in San Francisco starring real S&M people. She is proud of her submission!

THE ROPE DEPARTMENT
Bondage from beginning to end without one wasted frame. All roped and helpless!

CONVINCED
Rope bondage and teasing bring Juanita into a state of bondage frenzy. Tied, gagged and fulfilled!

PUNISHMENT
Juanita, first whipped with a cat-o-nine tails, then snapped with rubber straps, is helplessly bound.

SERVANT'S QUARTERS
The resident slave takes her turn at B&D thrills as Nick whips her bare feet.

THE SPY
Juanita's welcome into the bizarre world of B&D and its punishment and lust. Stripped, gagged & helpless!

HOT TO BE BOUND
Jeannie daydreams her bondage fantasies into a curious reality.

TURNED TABLES
The paid punisher gets so carried away in his tied torment of pretty Patty he forgets it's only a job.

SORE WINNER
Marge teaches Sandy how to be a good tennis victor with tight bondage and swats on her bottom.

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						INTERBANK NO. _____ EXP. _____
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BUY 3 OR MORE, TAKE A 10% DISCOUNT. BUY 6 OR MORE, TAKE A 20% DISCOUNT.				6% TAX POST.		ADDRESS _____
\$1.00 POSTAGE & HANDLING PER FILM.				TOTAL		CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
						MAIL TO H.O.M.: P.O. BOX 7302, VAN NUYS, CA, 91409, U.S.A.

DEFRAINED DAMAGES

WITH DEBRA LOCKE & MARIETTE STANTON

She's such a sweet girl. She was so damn decent about the damage to her car and me without insurance. I've never been so relieved. I'd pictured myself working for years and years to pay it off, and I expect the police could have got really nasty if she had given them the chance. I grabbed her offer like a shot—even if it was a bit out of the ordinary.

"You don't really have to do anything, Gretchen, except deliver yourself. I'll do the rest of the work."

"But why?" I was still dazed. "Why would anyone—?"

"It's the thing these days, Gretchen. There may be a couple of girls dropping by, and there'll be some photos taken."

"Of me? Like that?"

"Does it matter, Gretchen?"

Beside that repair bill, it didn't seem to matter at all. I simply said, "Thank you, I accept."

So now I'm tied up.

It's the damndest thing. I like it. Or maybe it's Mona I like. She's sweet and pretty and has a way about her. First off, when we were both stripped down, she rubbed her breasts against mine and made our tits play with each other. It's fun and surely the nicest way to get acquainted. While she tied up my hands and arms behind my back, she told me of all the fun she and the girls had doing this sort of thing, and she asked me if I was getting any reactions between my legs. I admitted I was surprised about that myself but figured it was because she was such a pretty girl and was being so sweet.

"You sure I'm sweet, Gretchen? Tying you up like this?"

"Oh, but of course!" I really didn't have a doubt. "This tying up bit isn't bad at all. Maybe I'll get to enjoy it. I'm so grateful."

It was strange and cunt-heating to be tied the way Mona tied me—hands together and then my elbows. She had warned me about my elbows; they would hurt, and I would have to put up with the hurt. The white gloves helped my wrists, but my elbows were bared skin.

"The post is what makes the ensemble, Gretchen." Mona backed me up against the small round column of steel. "Do you mind?"

"No, I don't mind," I said.

My breasts were visibly rising and falling. Mona looked at them and then at me. She smiled. "Excited?" she asked.

I was excited. I was erotically aroused. Something Mona was doing had put me in heat. It was the damndest thing.









"Sorry about the gag, Gretchen."

She had been honest and told me about the gag. It was much more than a gag; it was a head harness. I felt like a pony girl by the time my mouth was filled and locked and my head bridled. I know we girls get sensations—I get heated up real easy—but I never knew we got the hots from things like this. Or maybe it was just Mona! I snuggled back against my pole and stood real straight and stiff as the ropes went around and around me.

"You look sweet enough to eat," Mona said cheerfully. "Yummy!"

I started to tell her she couldn't eat me the way I was tied and with my panties still on, but I couldn't say anything because of the gag. I made some funny little noises, and she kissed and bit

my nipples before she tied them back with the rest of me. Little by little I was getting so I couldn't move, and when I had the orgasm, I surged against the ropes so they cut into my skin even deeper. That orgasm was a real surprise. At least it was to me. Mona was simply amused and pleased.

"I'm so glad you're enjoying this," she said, "but I have to go now."

She kissed my tits and left. That was a long time ago, and I've been thinking since she left. Like, how long am I here for? I forgot to ask. And how many girls will be coming over? I forgot to ask that too. And nothing's been said about getting untied—ever!

I should have asked before!

It's a bit late now. ■





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THE TRAP

WITH KAREN LAYNE

It's not fair! I mean, they were his books and he left them laying around. I can guess why. I mean, they do turn me on, and I can't help it. It's sort of nice. I don't see why he had to tie me up just for looking, although that's sort of nice too, and I'm already wet. At least I think I am, but I'm too tied up to test.

It's been hours and hours now! Of course I don't believe that all night story. He wouldn't dare! Anyway, I'm pretty safe, because how can he do anything with me tied like a pretzel? It is surprising, though, what I can do with a good wiggle, and it just occurred to me that there's nothing to stop the so-and-so from tying me up again afterwards. I've already tried the bathroom bit, but he simply picked me up and carried me, so all I got out of that was a trip to the bathroom, which is just as well anyway. I mean, I certainly can't get there on my own.

If he had just asked, I would have let him tie me up anyway. But he always has to justify it. I must always be a bad little girl who has to be punished. I mean, it's not a bad idea, and it makes me all goosey. But those magazines were a trap. I just know they were. He usually just reads them and then I get his erection, which isn't a bad idea at all. But now he picks up all these ties from them too. I mean, look at the way I am now! I think he got this one off page twenty-four. It's always the rope around the elbows that gets to a girl. Right now I'd say yes to anything at all.

At first I thought it was just my hands tied behind my back. It's sort of cute, and I've surprised myself at what I can do when he leaves me that way all day. It doesn't stop the two of us from doing a thing together. As he says, with my hands down under at the back, I have to raise up, which gives us that little extra bit of you-know-what.

Anyway, he left me with my hands tied above my butt for an hour, and then he came back in and tied my ankles. Then he used that lousy gag. I've never been able to see why I have to be gagged. There's no one to talk to. He only does it because I don't like it and because I can't stop him. If I don't open my mouth, he pinches my tits so I open my mouth. I might as well have done it in the first place and saved myself the pain of the pinch but I never do.





He bought the gag at a store. Yeah, they actually have stores that sell this stuff! You ought to see the harness he bought me for Christmas instead of what I'd been hinting about all year. Next year I'm going to play it smart and ask for a harness. Then I'll see what I get—probably another harness! Anyway, this gag buckles at the back of my neck, and there's no way I can get rid of it once it's safe inside my mouth. It's sort of cute really. It's made of that rawhide stuff they give dogs to chew on. He pushes it so far in that I have to bite like crazy and even then I drool.

He loves to see me drool. When he isn't around, like now, I have to flop on the bed and rub my face against the covers. Like I said, it's surprising what a girl can do when she's tied up! He's promised me that one day he'll tie me up tight and I'll never get loose again. He'll do things for me then. Gosh, he'd have to! I'd be a neat little package always well behaved and always available.

Awful, isn't it?

But the thought is beautifully wet-making between my legs! ■



HOM BONDAGE VIDEOS



Journey into Pain

The blindfold closes over Jillanna's eyes. Our camera moves into her fantasy world as she listens to Jim and Ellen's SM play.

"I trust you," she moans as Jim removes the clothes from her trembling body. She dances on tiptoes at the end of his rope through her cunt and nipple rings. Ellen, bound and gagged, looks on as her lover's ass is whipped.

The cat whistles through the air, embedding its strands into Ellen's and Jillanna's flesh, leaving crimson marks. "Yes, yes, I'm your hot bitch," moans Jillanna through her haze of pain.

Though the action seems violent, almost brutal at times, the cast's genuine love for one another shines through.



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HALF TRAINED

WITH MARY WELLS

I'm a dish. I know I'm a dish, a real female tid-bit, a scented fleshly feast. It was a man who said that first bit, but it was my mistress who said the rest of it. I never wanted a lot out of life, just a rich and handsome man who was young and virile and adored me. It doesn't seem a lot to ask, and I was doing very well, and had one or two prospects pending when I got kidnapped. My mistress refuses to call it kidnapping, but I don't know what else it could be called. Two gentlemen hustled me into a car and tied my hands and blindfolded me, and when they took the blindfold off, well, there I was, and my mistress was already signing the check. I expect that check is why she says she purchased me; it makes the whole thing seem nice and respectable. The trouble is that after she purchased me I haven't ever been able to escape. I am either locked up or tied up or chained up. You might say I am on the up and up permanently. I've tried to escape several times, but I never have any luck, and my mistress punished me terribly, and my bottom was sore for a week. My mistress keeps me naked all the time, and this makes things even more difficult. I mean about running away.

I'm never going to get a man like this. Those two guys who sold me to my mistress were the last ones I've seen, and that was months ago. I am now what my mistress calls partly trained, which means I eat her on request and don't fight when she changes my ropes. I used to think I could make a quick dash when she changed my ties from one way to another, but she is far too strong, and she knows all those tricks like Bruce Lee and Kung Fu and all that stuff, and since I got whipped for it every time I don't do it any more. If I sound a bit overly humble and respectful about my mistress, it is on account of that whip. It hurts terribly and leaves the loveliest marks on my skin, and she hits me a lot harder than she needs to. Everything is so difficult for slavegirls—and that's what I am!

My mistress says I will be fully trained when I don't think about escaping any more or about men and what they do to a girl, and how whenever she orders me to submit I will fall on my knees. There's even a special way I have to do that, bowing down with my crossed wrists raised to be bound. Seems like some man named John something-or-other thought up this submit thing, and I wouldn't mind doing it for him, but so far my mistress is not pleased with my performance, like forgetting to open up my legs so she can see my cunt.





My mistress also tells me there is an ultimate submission when I myself actually don't want to escape any more. She says then she can untie me and give me clothes, and I won't put them on and I won't leave the house, and I'll hand her back the rope and ask to be tied up again. That'll be the day! So it doesn't look to me like I'll ever be a well-trained slavegirl, and I couldn't care less. Being tied up like this all the time has its good points. I don't have to make any decisions or worry about a thing except escaping, which I can't do anyway. I've also got so I heat up between my legs with the different ways she ties me and gags me, and even a little if she doesn't whip me too hard. I can't explain this, and I don't tell her about these nice feelings, because I think she'd be real pleased and think the things she does to me are panning out.

There's one thing I have to admit about my mistress: she eats me beautifully and ever so often. She says she likes my flavor, and I sure do like hers. That is, after she's whipped me ever so many times for not wanting to do it at all and insisting that only men should get in there with the proper thing nature designed. My mistress says the very thought makes her sick and that I ought to puke. Well, I do remember I used to know a professional girl who called herself a two-way girl, and that's what it means. She could also do it three ways by using her hand, and she never charged less than a hundred dollars. If I hadn't planned on marrying a rich man, maybe I would've tried that out too. But now . . . !

Well, anyway, my mistress has just been in and tied me up some more and gagged me as well, and I'm terribly damp, and I guess that's the whole story.

We don't eat till five. ■



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BONDAGE PHOTOGRAPHER **35**







That's a fair sample of how it goes. But now my little pussycat is concerned about her chair and the ropes I'm pulling tighter and tighter. Rope must be tight on maiden flesh. A properly roped Dilly can't hardly twitch—and to stay like that all night! She hates sitting motionless in the dark. Of course, I hate to sleep without her lovely head between my legs, but a mistress must make some sacrifices. When I do finally set her free, she becomes a highly sensitized bundle of affection. I am eaten to bits, even though I may have compelled her to eat me again and again while she

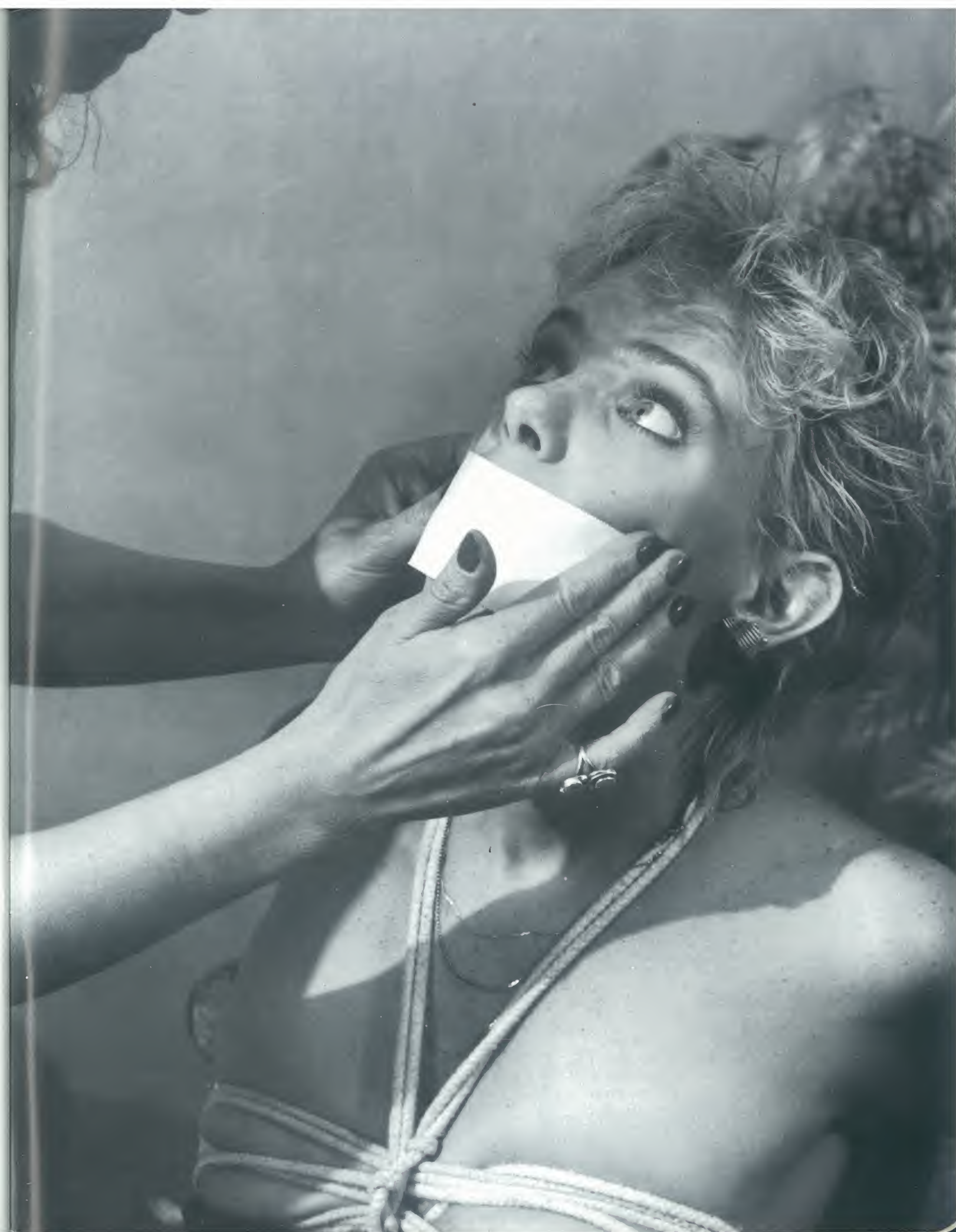
is bound in penance. I thrust my nipple at her mouth right now and she feeds hungrily.

"Samantha dear, you won't gag me this time, will you? I don't want to be gagged. I can see you've got the horrid thing there on the sofa."

That is Dilly's way of saying that she wishes to be gagged, so I use the big ball gag she dislikes so much. Her eyes plead. I soften and bind her lips with tape.

She does not need to speak.

And it's only for overnight. ■



LONG WET WAIT

WITH CATHY SILLS & TRUDY CANE

'Will you tie me up for twenty dollars, Jennifer? That's all the money I've got.'

'I never charge a friend for favors, Pet. What do you want to be tied up for?'

The darling twists and wriggles and looks ashamed. 'It makes me hot, Jennifer. I get horny.'

'What happens then?'

'Well . . . so far nothing.'

'But you're hoping?'

'Well . . . sort of.'

'Off with your clothes, monkey.'

She's so shy and sweet and yummy. My Pet need eating daily, or maybe every hour on the hour. Her flavor is beyond the dreams of girls.

'Give me your wrists, you little so-and-so,' I demand. 'One day I'll cure you of wanting to be made helpless.'

'You won't, darling. You don't even want to.' Pet holds out her clasped wrists and watches me tie them tight. 'You tie so wonderfully. Tie me tight enough to hurt—please. It has to hurt!'

'One day I'll tie you spread-eagle on the bed and let a man loose on you, you lustful moppet,' I chide severely. 'It would serve you right.'

'Oh, darling, not a man—please! You or another girl—or both of you. . . .' She sighs. 'That would be so yummy. I think you can cinch my elbows a little tighter.'

I cinch her elbows tighter—and her knees and her ankles. She is panting hard, and I am thinking of orgasms—hers, not mine. We go through this opening ritual every time. Pet secretes a lot more copiously after some verbal preliminaries. But one day, just for the hell of it, I'm going to bring in a man while she's all spread and naked and helpless. It should be interesting!

We have a lovely ball gag with lots of air holes for breathing. Pet isn't that fond of it, but she gets it anyway. The approach is something like this:

'Open your mouth, Pet.'

'What on earth for?' She is all innocence.

'You know what for?'

She looks determined. 'I hope you don't think you're going to gag me like you've done before. I refuse to be gagged.'

'You can't refuse anything, Pet. You're helpless.'

'I won't open my mouth. I'll clench my teeth.'

'Then I'll pinch your nipple until you do.'

'Don't be mean. You can hurt my poor dear little nipple all you like, but I won't open my mouth for—'

I pinch Pet's nipple. She opens her mouth instantly and gets off half a sentence. 'You need not think you can—grrr—'





That takes care of that. The gag almost completes Pet's ensemble but not quite. I endure her reproach with fortitude. She looks douce and charming and as though she's trying to say something but can't. I am sure the life of slavegirls is very trying. My darling makes a number of sounds, like "mmmmm!" and "brrrr!" and a particularly eloquent "nnggging!" before giving up hope and laying still.

I move on to the elevation of Pet's feet. We have discovered virtues to this mild punishment which hots her up like crazy and has the additional advantage of removing all hope of escape. A girl with her feet well up in the air is not going any place. She is not even going to struggle too much, the rope hurts so much. Then, by raising her head and straining against her bonds, she can get a look at her pussy, all hot and wet and ready. But she can't touch it!

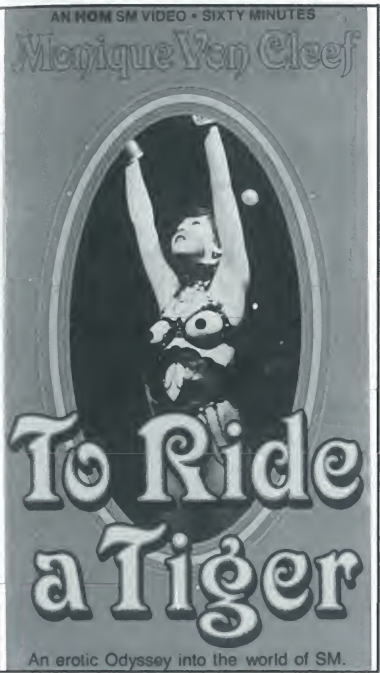
That's punishment for sure, and I won't touch it either.

Until tomorrow. ■





HOM BONDAGE VIDEOS



To Ride a Tiger

Lynn Paula Russell is a beautiful artist in London who is haunted by fantasies of bondage and submission. The compulsive desire to act out these fantasies brings her to the foyer of Monique Van Cleef, the renowned professional dominant whose clientele include some of the most impressive personages of Europe. As Mistress Monique surveys Lynn's mystic painting of a naked girl riding a tiger, she is immediately aware of its symbolic expression of suppressed desire. Deep inside, this young aspiring artist is a true submissive. And what better place to live out her dream of submission than in the dungeon of Mistress Monique!

The principals in this video are authentic SM enthusiasts portraying events as they actually occurred.



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